A Happy Christmas to you all!

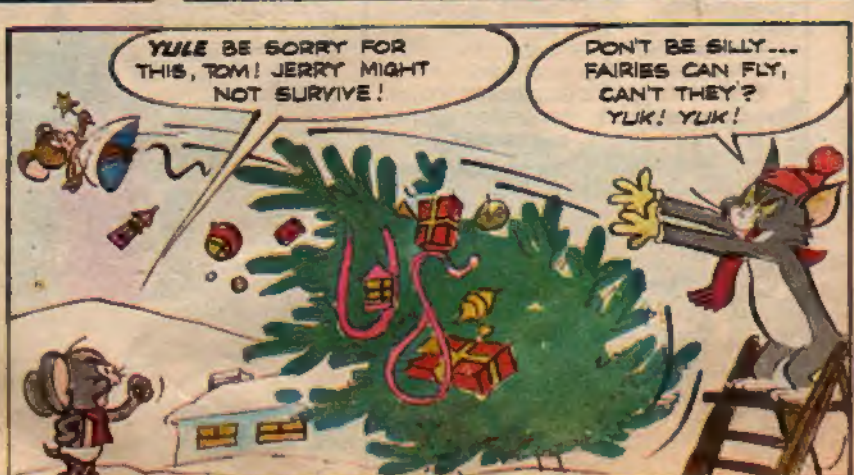
TV COMIC

9d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 26th December 1970 | Number 993

TOM and JERRY



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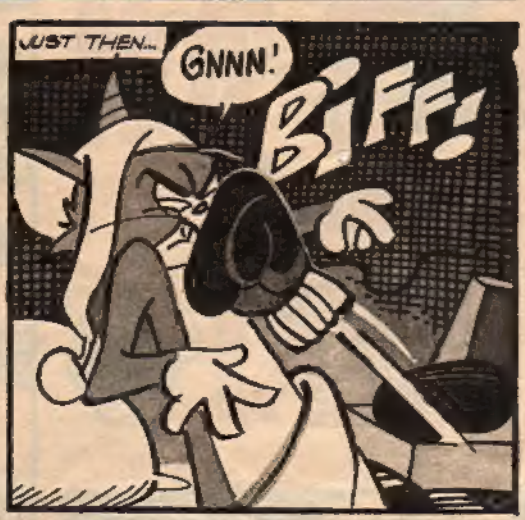
More yuletide yuk-yuks on next page.

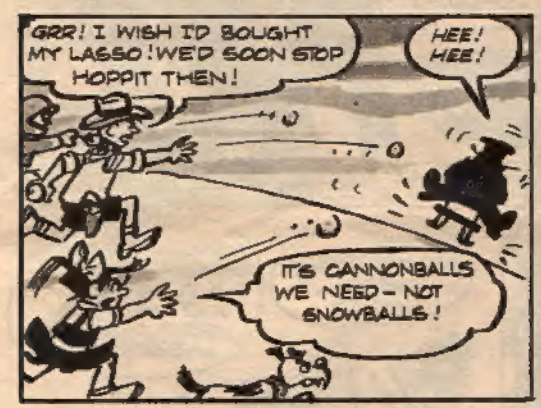
THAT ROTTEN TOM CAT CATAPULTED ME HALF A MILE THROUGH THE AIR FROM THE TOP OF A CHRISTMAS TREE... BUT FOR THAT SNOW DRIFT I WOULD'VE BEEN MASHED MOUSE BY NOW!
TSK! TSK! WE MUST PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND DECIDE HOW THOMAS CAN BE PUNISHED FOR HIS WICKED WAYS!

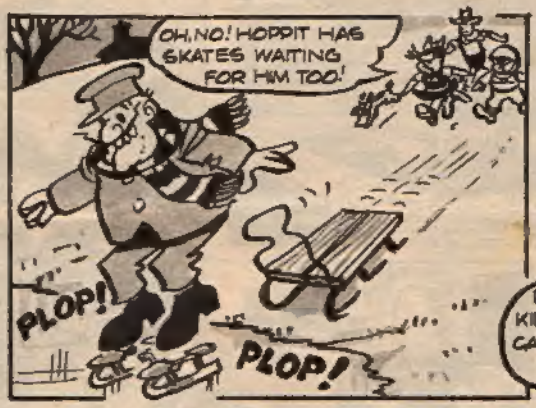


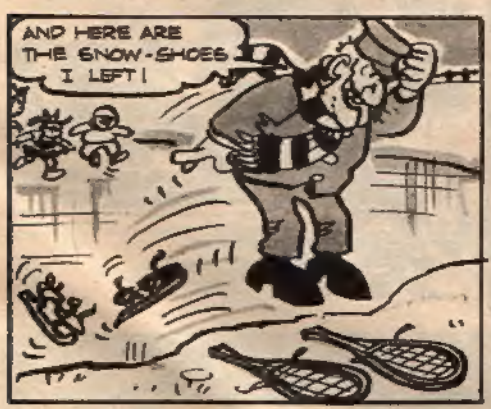
I'M S-SORRY, SANTA... I'M TRULY ASHAMED OF MYSELF!
VERY WELL THEN, TOM... ALL IS FORGIVEN... MAY I SUGGEST YOU CELEBRATE YOUR CEASE-FIRE WITH A CHRISTMAS PARTY!

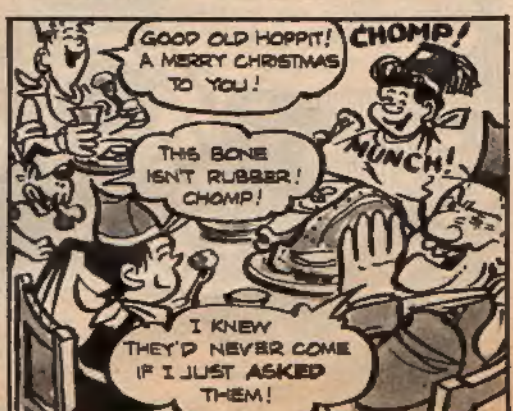
The fur flies when Tom and Butch sign a peace pact next week.

TV TERRORS





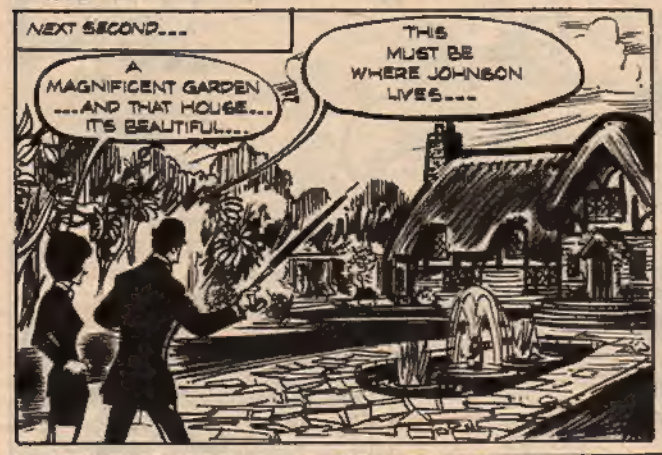



GOOD OLD HOPPIT! A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!
CHOMP!
MUNCH!
THIS BONE ISN'T RUBBER! CHOMP!
I KNEW THEY'D NEVER COME IF I JUST ASKED THEM!

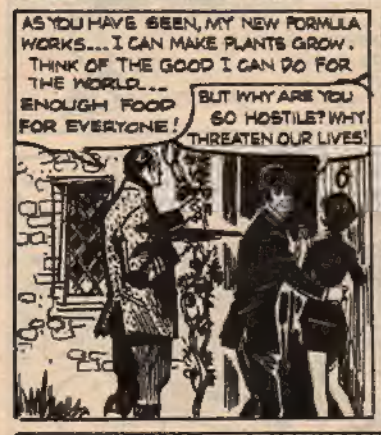
Laugh-in the New Year next week with The Terrors.

THE AVENGERS

A FARMER named Johnson has developed a compound which makes plants grow to fantastic sizes. Steed and Tara are given the job of finding the strange man, but are led into a jungle of giant weeds. As they discover an escape route, they see a monstrous caterpillar heading towards them. . . .



SUDDENLY...
SO YOU HAVE ESCAPED THE JUNGLE...? BUT IT WILL NOT DO YOU ANY GOOD. YOU ARE STILL MY PRISONERS!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, JOHNSON?


AS YOU HAVE SEEN, MY NEW FORMULA WORKS... I CAN MAKE PLANTS GROW. THINK OF THE GOOD I CAN DO FOR THE WORLD... ENOUGH FOOD FOR EVERYONE!
BUT WHY ARE YOU SO HOSTILE? WHY THREATEN OUR LIVES!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHERE ...? HOW...?
YOUR FORMULA DID THAT, JOHNSON. YOU MADE THE PLANTS GROW, AND ALSO THE CREATURES WHO LIVE OFF THEM!

Based on the Thames Television production

Trapped in the cottage! See next week's exciting instalment.

MIGHTY MOTH
YOU CAN'T!
WHY CAN'T I?
993
BECAUSE IT'S CHRISTMAS AND EVEN YOU WOULDN'T BE MEAN ENOUGH TO WHACK MIGHTY MOTH AT CHRISTMAS!
IT'S NOT CHRISTMAS DAY UNTIL TWELVE O'CLOCK. I STILL HAVE TIME TO WHACK HIM!
WHERE IS HE?
LATER...
HE MUST BE AROUND SOMEWHERE.
LATER STILL...
CUCKOO! CUCKOO!
CURSES! IT'S TOO LATE!
IN THE MORNING...
NOW REMEMBER, IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY SO YOU MUST BE NICE TO MIGHTY MOTH FOR ONCE!
YES, DEAR!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, DAD!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, YOU LITTLE...
NOW, NOW!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MY LITTLE PAL!
FUME!
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, DAD!
COO! I WONDER WHAT IT IS?
IT'S A TOY MODEL OF ME!
IT'S JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
GRR! WHAT DO I WANT WITH A MODEL OF THAT LITTLE ROTTER?
WAIT, THOUGH! I MIGHT HAVE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL!
LATER...
THIS TABLE CLOTH IS DELICIOUS, MA! — ISN'T DAD GOING TO EAT HIS DINNER?
HE WON'T BE A MOMENT. I CAN'T GET HIM AWAY FROM HIS NEW TOY!
TAKE THAT! HAR! HAR! AND THAT! HEH-HEH-HEH!

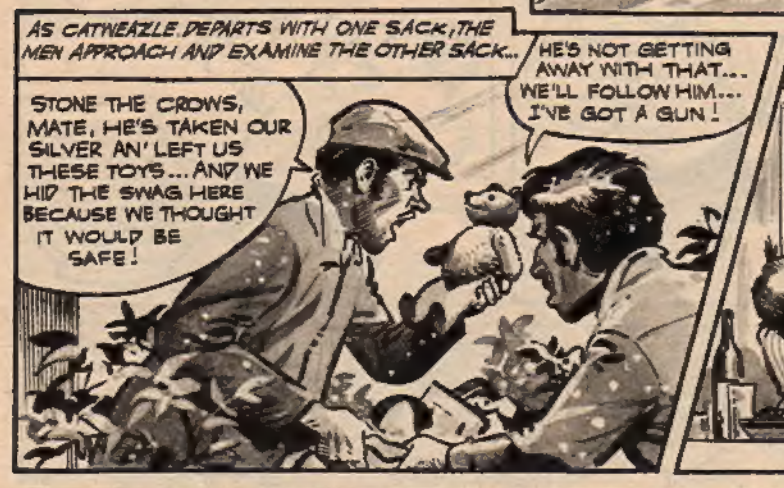
Dad tries to cash in on Mighty Moth's money next week.

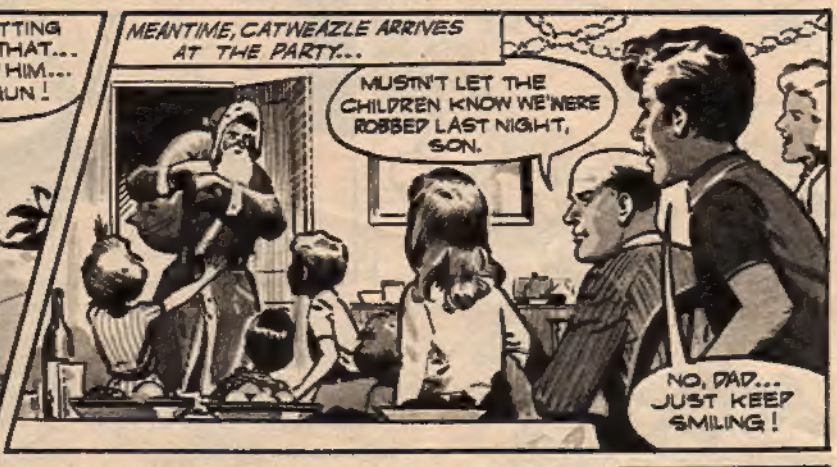
CATWEAZLE

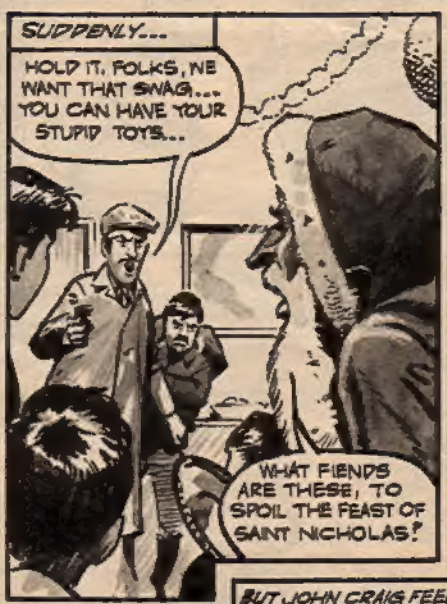
CATWEAZLE is about to play Father Christmas at a children's party given by John Craig and his son William at the big house. But the sorcerer does not realise that this is the house he was staying at when all the silver was stolen. . .

GOOD MORROW, YOUNG MASTER, I AM READY FOR MY TASK AS SAINT NICHOLAS. WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN'S TOYS...?
I HID THE SACK IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE BACK DOOR SO THAT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE FAR TO CARRY IT.
993

BUT THERE ARE TWO BULGING SACKS IN THE BUSHES...
OF A TRUTH, I CANNOT CARRY BOTH AT ONCE. METHINKS I WILL TAKE THIS ONE FIRST!
WHAT'S THAT FELLER UP TO? HE'S NOSING AROUND OUR SWAG!


AS CATWEAZLE DEPARTS WITH ONE SACK, THE MEN APPROACH AND EXAMINE THE OTHER SACK...
HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THAT... WE'LL FOLLOW HIM... I'VE GOT A GUN!
STONE THE CROWS, MATE, HE'S TAKEN OUR SILVER AN' LEFT US THESE TOYS... AND WE HID THE SWAG HERE BECAUSE WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SAFE!


MEANTIME, CATWEAZLE ARRIVES AT THE PARTY...
MUSTN'T LET THE CHILDREN KNOW WE WERE ROBBED LAST NIGHT, SON.
NO, DAD... JUST KEEP SMILING!


SUDDENLY...
HOLD IT, FOLKS, WE WANT THAT SWAG... YOU CAN HAVE YOUR STUPID TOYS...
WHAT FIENDS ARE THESE, TO SPOIL THE FEAST OF SAINT NICHOLAS?

WITHOUT THE GUN, THE CROOKS ARE SOON OVERPOWERED... AND JOHN CRAIG RINGS THE POLICE...
YES, SERGEANT, WE'VE CAUGHT THEM... THE MEN WHO DID THE BURGLARY I REPORTED TO YOU... SEND SOME MEN OVER AT ONCE.
HARD LUCK, MATE, AIN'T IT? LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE GOIN' TO JAIL WITHOUT ANY CHRISTMAS DINNER!

BUT JOHN CRAIG FEELS THAT EVEN BURGLARS SHOULD HAVE A GOOD DINNER AT CHRISTMAS...
SPIRITS BE PRAISED! BY SAINT NICHOLAS, I FEEL THAT ALL IS WELL!
CRUMBS, MATE, THIS TURKEY'S GRAND!
HAPPY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

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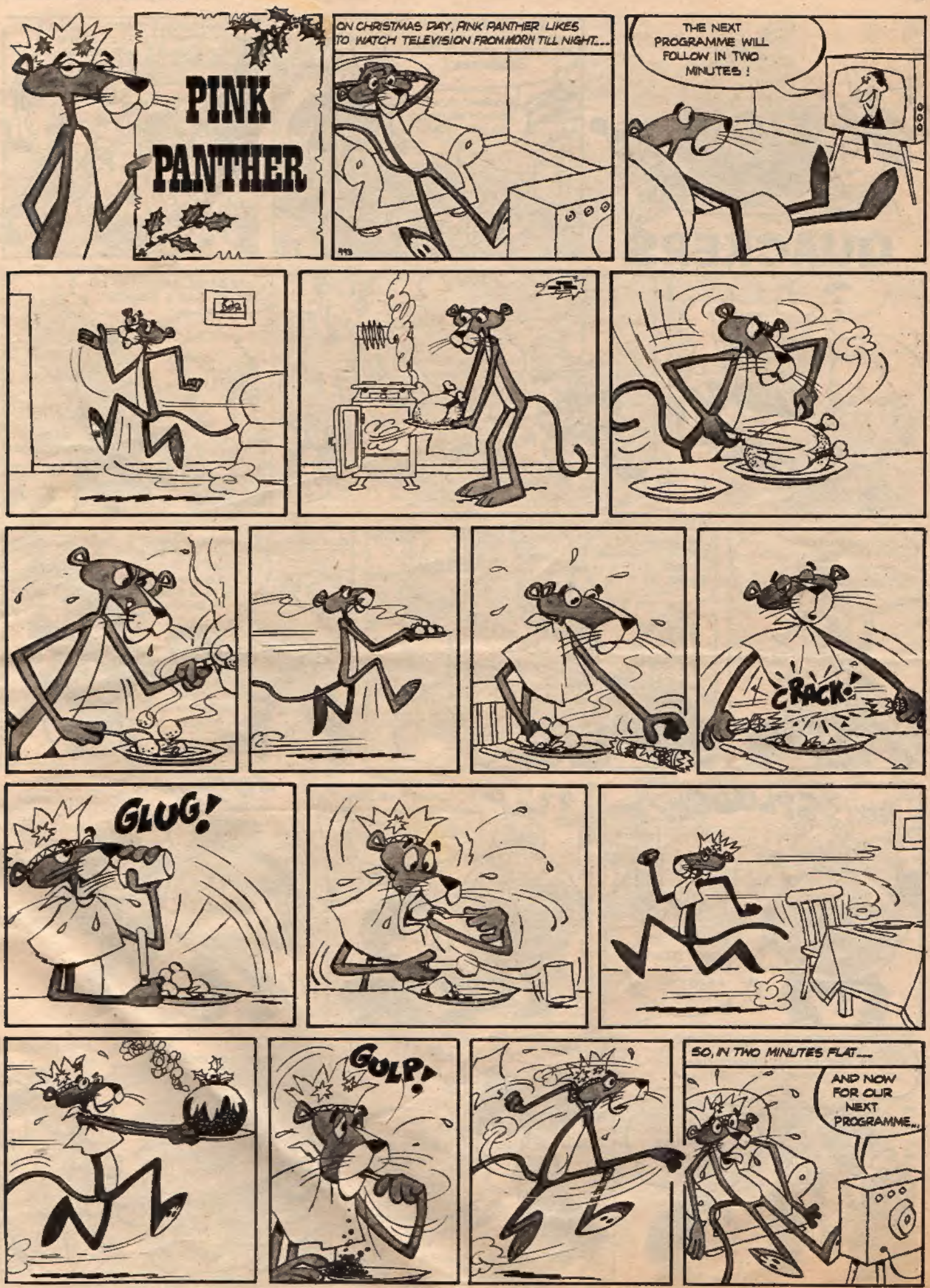
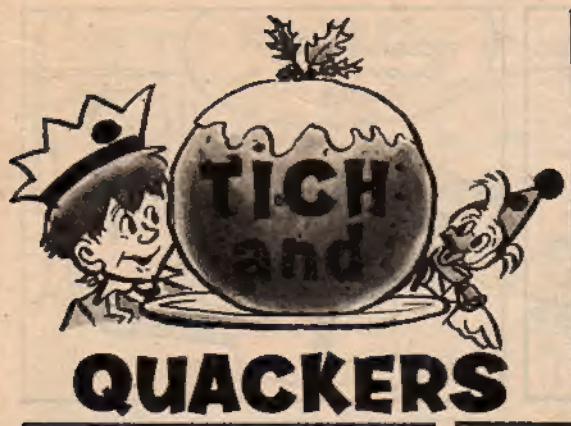
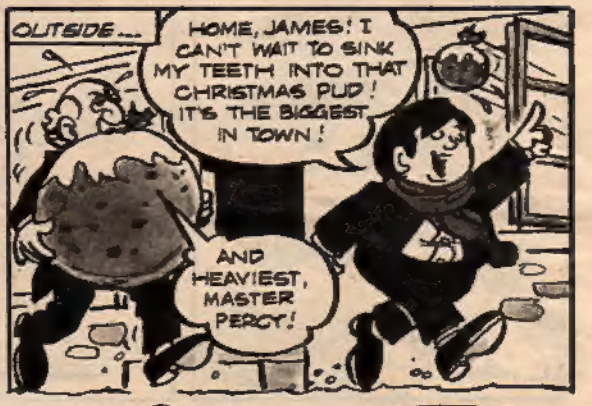
Read about Catweazle's railway adventure next week.

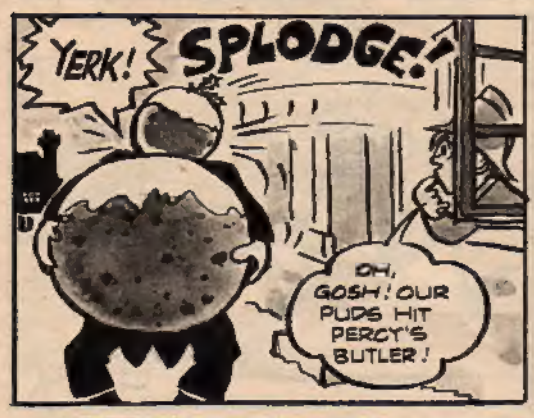

PINK PANTHER
ON CHRISTMAS DAY, PINK PANTHER LIKES TO WATCH TELEVISION FROM MORN TILL NIGHT...
THE NEXT PROGRAMME WILL FOLLOW IN TWO MINUTES !
CRACK!
GLUG!
GULP!
SO, IN TWO MINUTES FLAT....
AND NOW FOR OUR NEXT PROGRAMME...

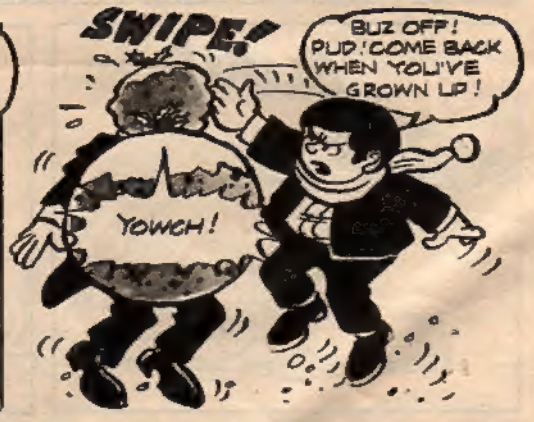
© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

Next week Pink Panther has a soft-centre—eating too many chocs !







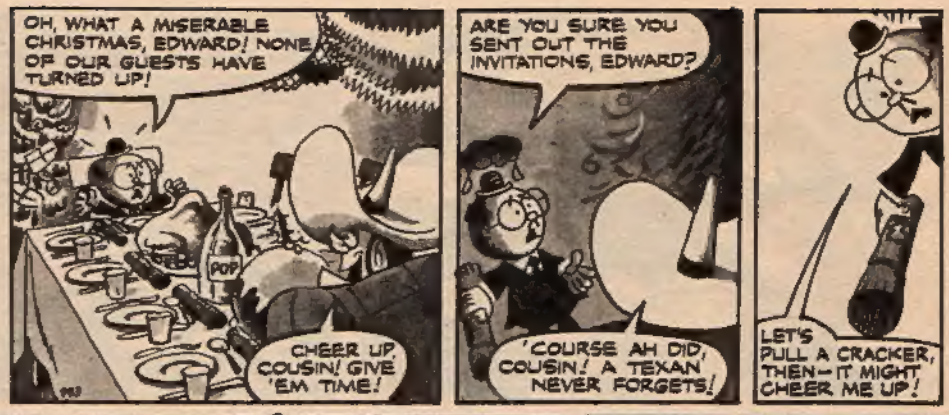


© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers.

Join our cheeky chums again next week.

TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head


OH, WHAT A MISERABLE CHRISTMAS, EDWARD! NONE OF OUR GUESTS HAVE TURNED UP!
POP
CHEER UP, COUSIN! GIVE 'EM TIME!
ARE YOU SURE YOU SENT OUT THE INVITATIONS, EDWARD?
'COURSE AH DID, COUSIN! A TEXAN NEVER FORGETS!
LET'S PULL A CRACKER, THEN—IT MIGHT CHEER ME UP!

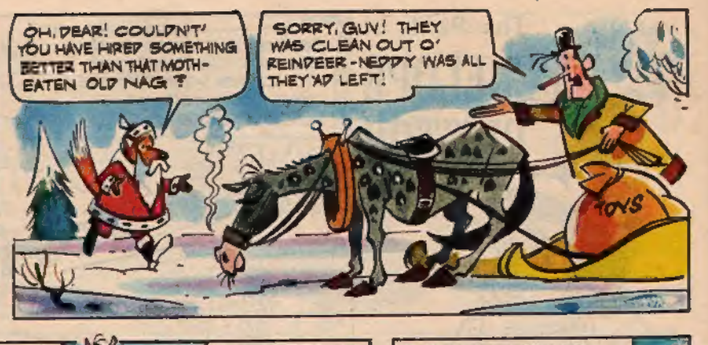
POOH! THAT POKY LITTLE THING, COUSIN? AH'LL SHOW YUH A REAL CRACKER—AH HAD IT SPECIALLY MADE!
OH, DEAR! I HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT!
HELP! IT'S ENORMOUS! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PULL THAT!
RELAX, COUSIN! AH'S THOUGHT OF THAT TOO!
YOU CAN DO YOUR PULLING WITH THIS TRACTOR, PARDNER!
A TRACTOR?

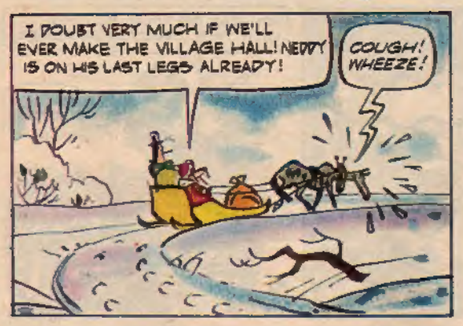
HEAVE! HEAVE!
YEEIKES! I'VE SEEN SOME TUG O' WARS, BUT THAT BEATS THE LOT!
COME ON, COUSIN! OPEN HER UP! YUH AIN'T PULLING HARD ENOUGH!
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER, OR WE'LL BE HERE TILL NEXT CHRISTMAS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, CECIL!
JUST A LITTLE IDEA I HAD, COUSIN!
CRACK!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, CECIL!
WHY, EDWARD, YOU OLD RASCAL! MY GUESTS WERE IN THE CRACKER!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, CECIL!
FRANK McDIARMID

Lots more fun in '71—with TV Comic.

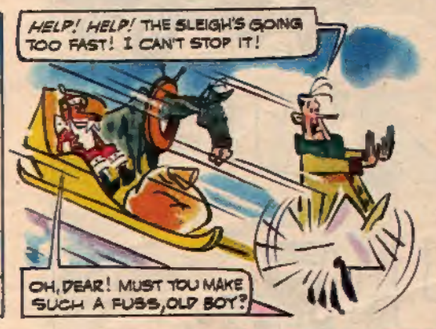
BASIL BRUSH

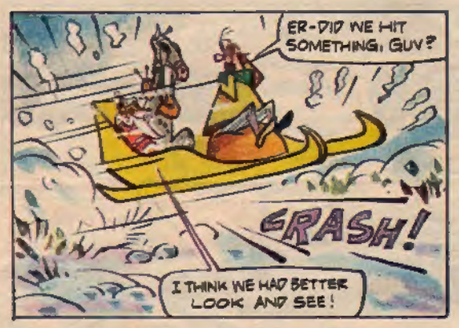
WHAT A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS, CHUMMERS! JUST LOOK AT ALL THE PRESENTS I RECIEVED FROM SANTA!
THERE'S A LOAD FROM YOUR FANS TOO, GUV!

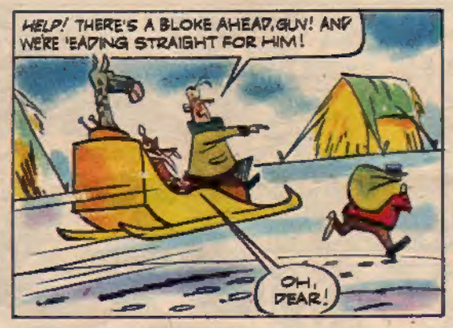

OH, DEAR! COULDN'T YOU HAVE HIRED SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT MOTH-EATEN OLD NAG?
SORRY, GUV! THEY WAS CLEAN OUT O' REINDEER - NEDDY WAS ALL THEY 'AD LEFT!
TOYS



YOU WERE RIGHT, GUV. NEDDY 'AS 'AD IT!
GASP! GASP!
HMM! IT APPEARS I SHALL HAVE TO DO SOME QUICK THINKING, OLD CHUM! CAN'T LET THE KIDDYWINKS DOWN!







YOU'RE THE MOST POPULAR SANTA EVER, GUV - THANKS TO THAT NAG!
INDEED! HAVE ANOTHER CARROT, GRANPA!
FOR SANTA'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW, FOR SANTA'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

Meet Basil and his batty butler again next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

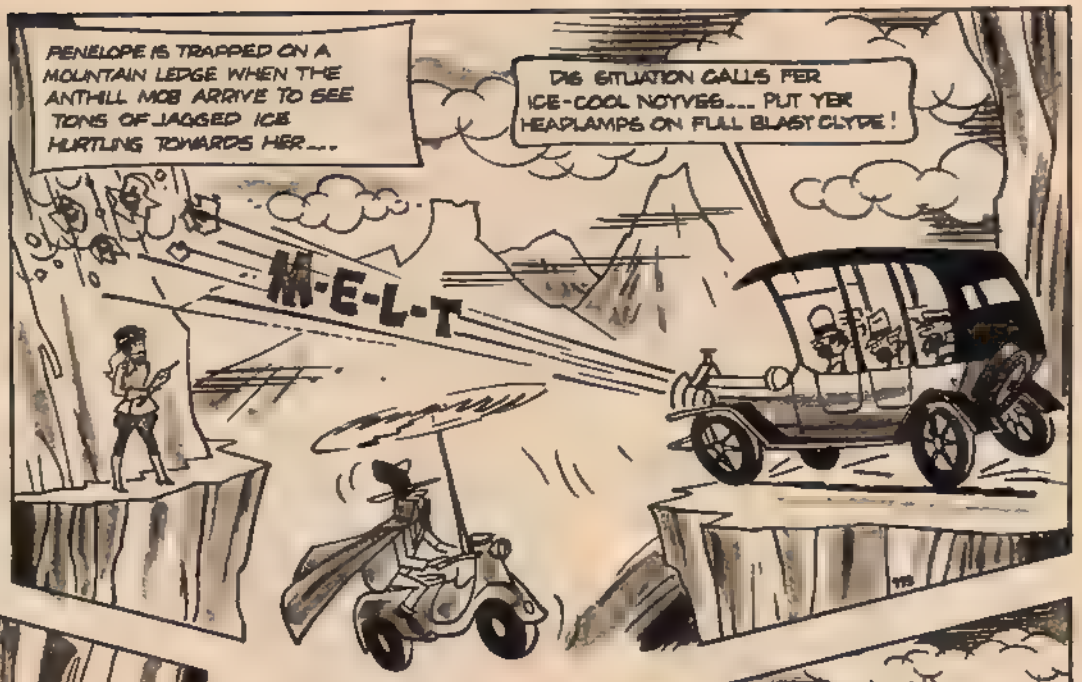
By Johnny Morris

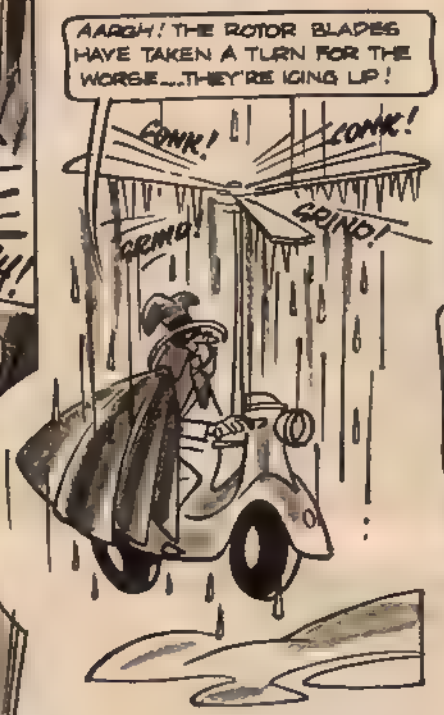
BUSH BABIES are largely nocturnal animals. That means that they prefer to come out at night. Like many nocturnal animals, they have very large round eyes.

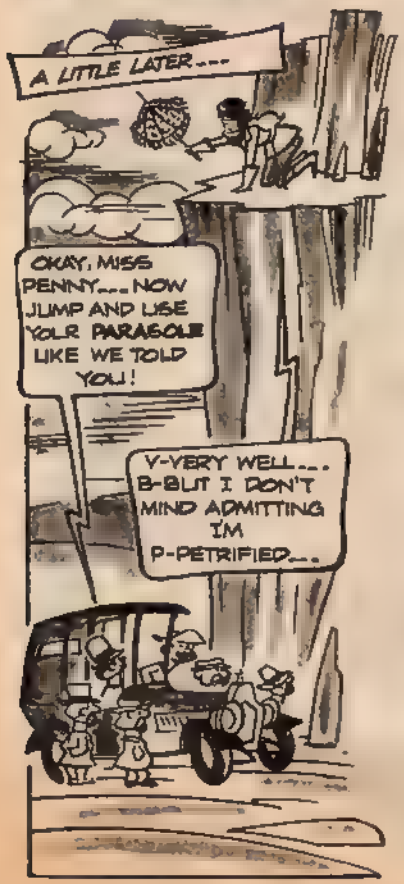
YOUR EYES ARE SO LARGE! CAN YOU SEE LOTS OF THINGS IN THE DARK?
WE ARE ASTONISHED AT WHAT WE SEE!
BUT WHY DO YOU ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT?
THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE ABOUT DURING THE DAY!

Next week Johnny talks about Red Deer.

The Perils of PENELOPE PITSTOP


PENELOPE IS TRAPPED ON A MOUNTAIN LEDGE WHEN THE ANTHILL MOB ARRIVE TO SEE TONS OF JAGGED ICE HURTLING TOWARDS HER....
DIS SITUATION CALLS FER ICE-COOL NOTVES.... PUT YER HEADLAMPS ON FULL BLAST CLYDE!
M-E-L-T




A LITTLE LATER...
OKAY, MISS PENNY... NOW JUMP AND USE YOUR PARASOLE LIKE WE TOLD YOU!
V-VERY WELL... B-BUT I DON'T MIND ADMITTING I'M P-PETRIFIED...

BAH! IT WAS A LONG WALK BACK FROM THE MOUNTAINS... DON'T SUPROSE THERE'S ANY TURKEY LEFT FOR ME!
THAT SURE WAS A SUPER SPREAD MISS PENNY! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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More perils await Penny next week.

Deputy Dawg

OOH! LOOK WHAT SANTA BROUGHT ME – A CHRISTMAS PUD!
MERRY XMAS TO ALL OUR RAIDERS
WITH A FILE IN IT! HEH-HEH-HEH!
YAHOO! I'VE FILED MY WAY OUT!
YEEAGH! A JAIL-BREAK!
AAAAGH!
ANOTHER PRESENT FOR YOU, DEPUTY-THE HOLY FROM MY PUD!
GRR! I'LL HAVE TO RUN! AH'S TOO SORE T' USE MA HOSS!
HE! HE! HE!
GULP! DEPUTY'S GAINING ON ME! AH'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!
AH USED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD BASE-BALL PITCHER! AH'LL SEE IF MA HAND'S STILL IN!
STRIKE ONE – ONE FOOL DEPUTY! HEH-HEH!
YEEAAGH! GLUB!
WHIZZ!
COO! A PUDDING FACE!
SLURP! THIS PUD WILL MAKE A NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE MISSUS!
FLAP!
FLAP!
YELP! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
HE! HE!
YIKES! HOW DID AH GIT UP HERE?
I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER GO! I HATE STOWAWAYS!
GULP! DEPUTY'S BROKEN LOOSE AND HE'S.....
....HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME! AAAGH!
GAWSH! A SOFT LANDING!
THUD!
GRR! THAT'S 96 CRACKERS AH'S OPENED- AND NOT A FILE IN ANY OF THEM!
HA! HA! HA!
CRACK!
SOME FOLKS JUST NEVER GIVE UP! MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS!

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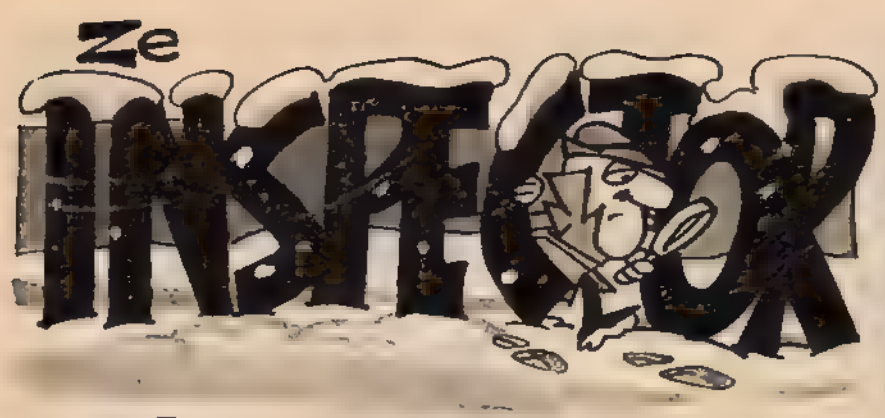
More fun next week, with our canine cop.

Ze INSPECTOR



LUCKY FOR YOU I RECOVER ALL THE SOCKS LAST WEEK OR YOU NOT HAVE ANY TO HANG UP, EH, MESSIEURS?
YES, INSPECTOR! YOU ARE ZE GREATEST!

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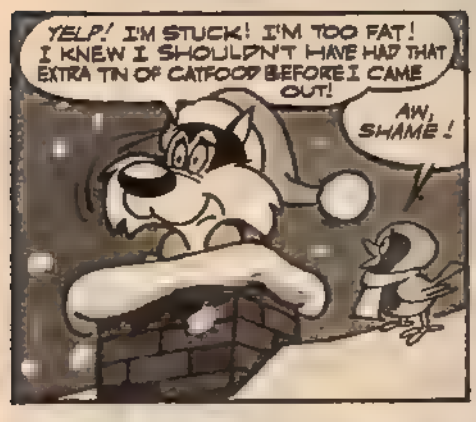
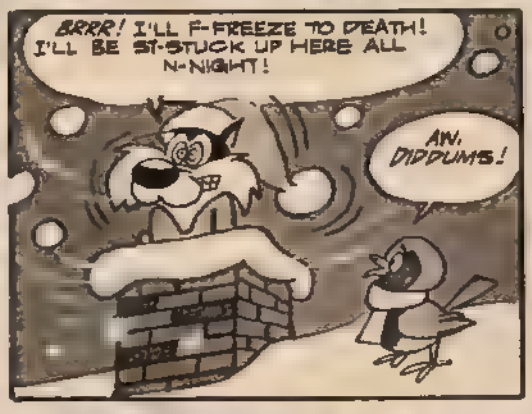
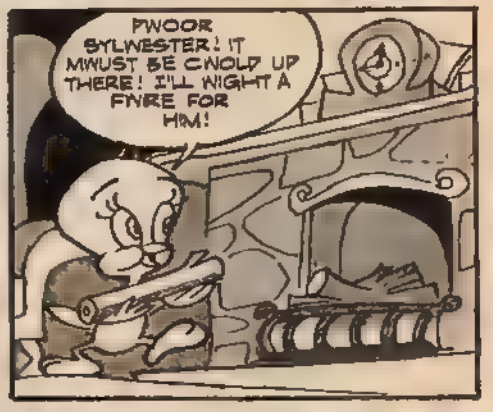
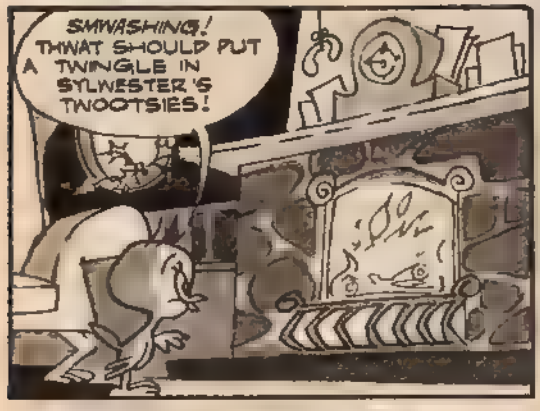
Next week the Inspector is on the bricklayer's trowel!

The Bugs Bunny Show









MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS!
MWERRY CHRISTMAS!
THESE PISTOLS WERE FOR SAM – MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS– BUT I'LL TRY THEM OUT ON THIS IMPOSTER FIRST!
BAM
BAM
HELP! MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS! HELP! HELP!

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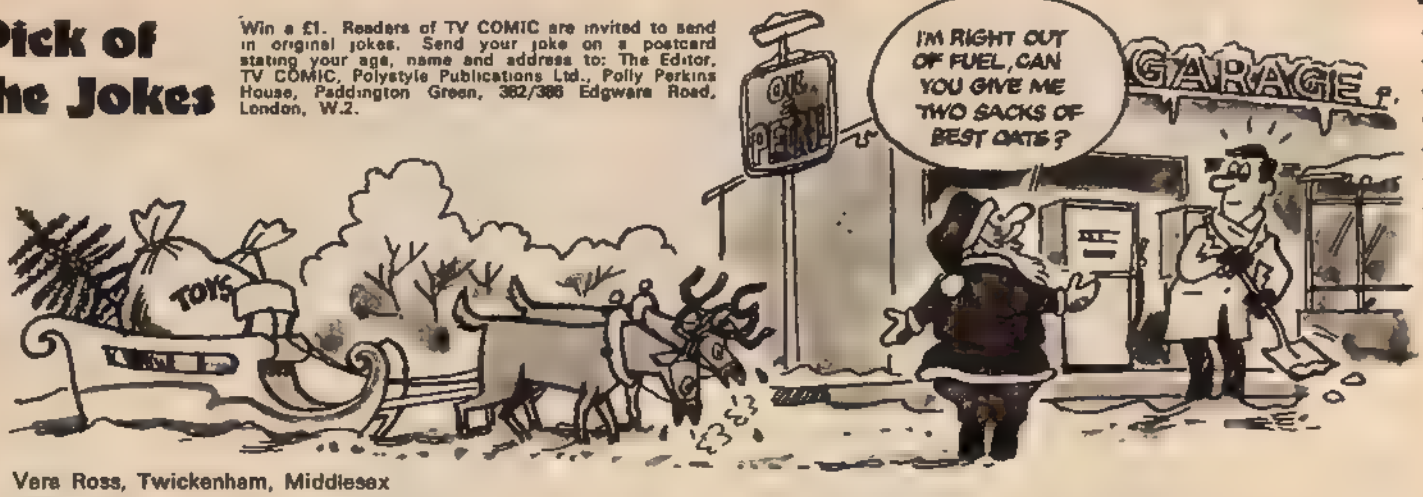
Bugs drives a bulldozer next week

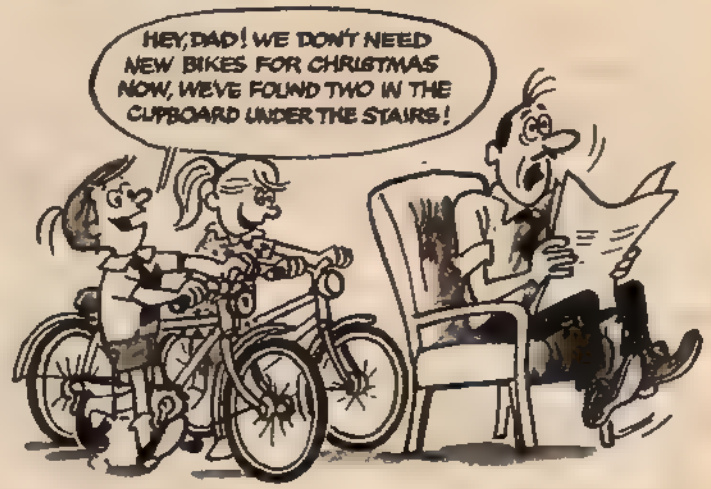
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 362/366 Edgware Road, London, W.2.



Vera Ross, Twickenham, Middlesex

Keith Walker, Coventry, Warwickshire.



Elizabeth Rich, Chesham, Bucks.

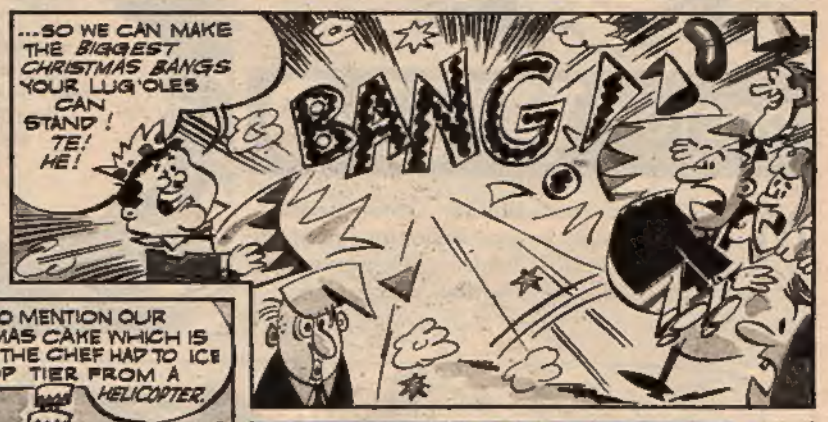
Julie Beckton, Fleet, Hants.

Paul Hooper, Rainham, Kent.

Alastair Ross, Currie, Midlothian.

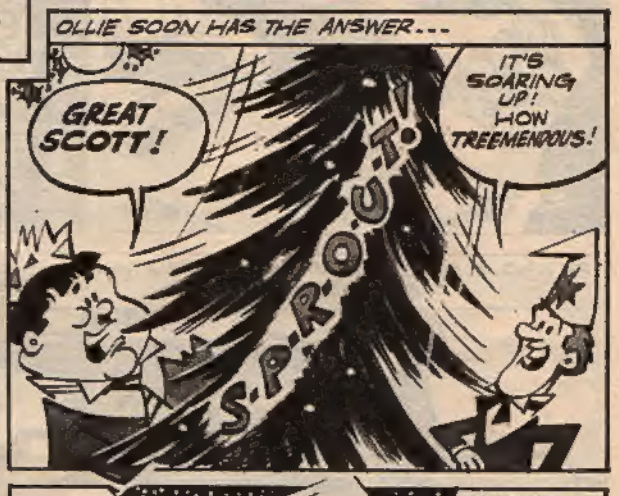
Julie Dixon, Long Crendon, Bucks

STAN AND I WANT YOU TO REALLY WHOOP IT UP, FOLKS! THIS IS GOING TO BE THE CHRISTMAS PARTY TO END ALL CHRISTMAS PARTIES, SO LET'S RAISE THE ROOF!
WHEEEEE
WHA-AAAAY! GOOD OLD OLLIE.
CRACK



HUH! YOU MAY HAVE THE BIGGEST CRACKERS, BIGGEST BALLOONS AND BIGGEST CAKE... BUT YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE IS THE SILLIEST LITTLE THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
BLUSH
GULP! THAT'S TRUE!

NOT TO WORRY... I'LL FETCH A PACKET OF MY FAST ACTING FERTILIZER FROM THE GARDEN SHED.. MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT GROW A FEW INCHES!
GOOD IDEA, OLLIE!



AND SO... THIS IS THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS PARTY EVER... WHAT COULD BE MORE FUN THAN AN INDOOR SNOWBALL FIGHT?
SPLODGE!
SPLUT!
LOOKS LIKE OUR CELEBRATION'S A SUCCESS, OLLIE... WE CERTAINLY RAISED THE ROOF! CHORTLE! CHORTLE!

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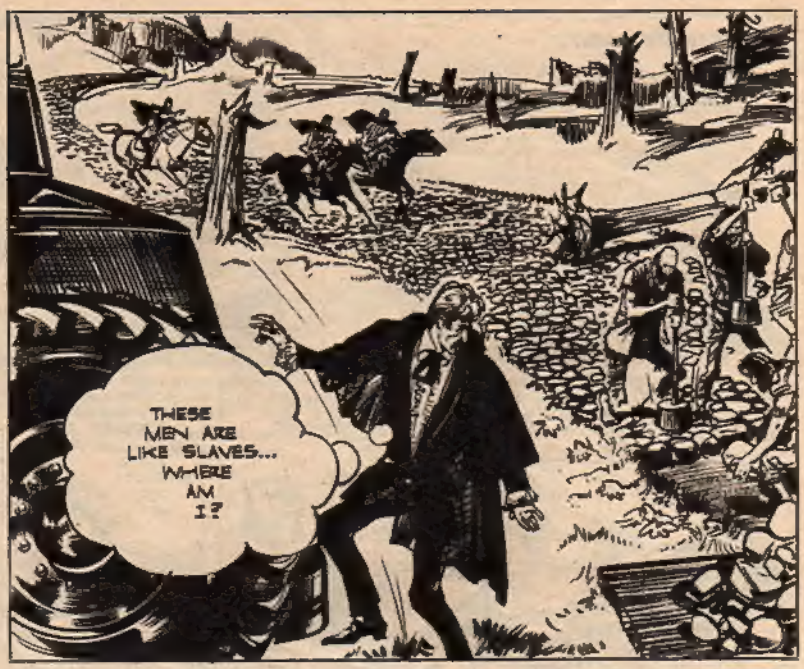
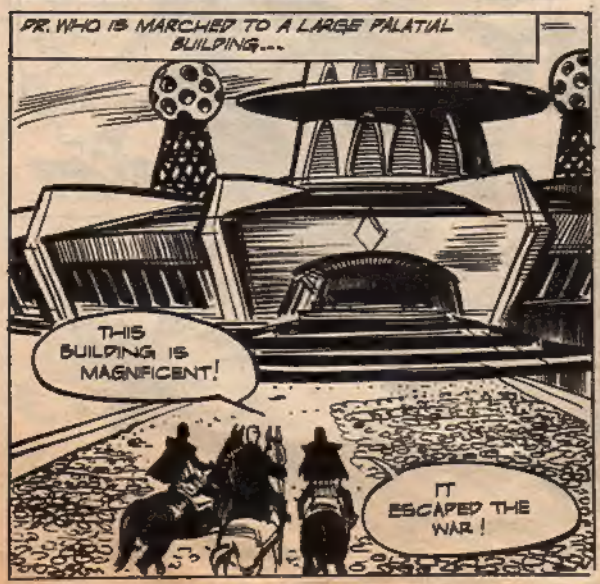
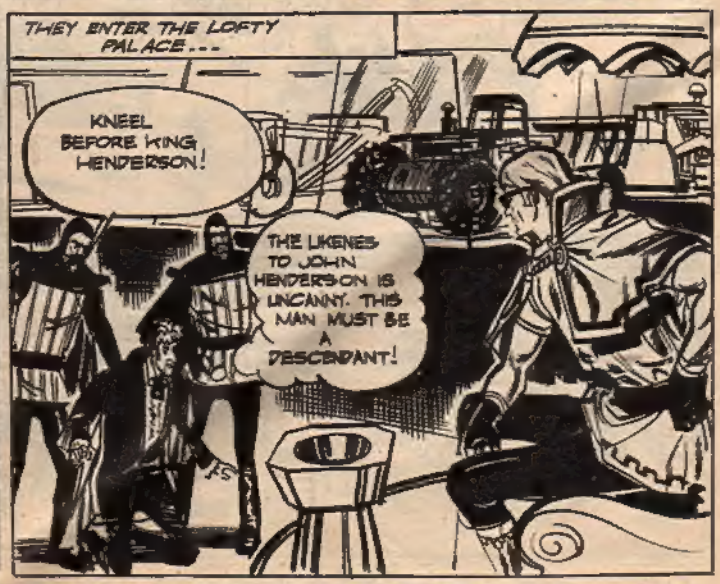
DOCTOR WHO

MILLIONAIRE road builder, John Henderson, has built a time machine in order to take a look at the future. He persuades Dr. Who to make the journey. . . .



SUDDENLY...
WHAT IS YOUR NAME? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I AM DR. WHO. I ARRIVED IN THAT MACHINE!
WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE KING. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!




THEY ENTER THE LOFTY PALACE...
KNEEL BEFORE KING HENDERSON!
THE LIKENESS TO JOHN HENDERSON IS UNCANNY. THIS MAN MUST BE A DESCENDANT!

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THIS MAY BE DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, BUT I AM FROM THE PAST!
BE CAREFUL, SIRE... HE COULD BE A SPY FOR KING TRENT!
YES. WE HAVE HEARD THAT OUR EVIL NEIGHBOUR HAS DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE WEAPONS ONCE MORE, AND THAT HE MAY SHORTLY ATTACK!
I AM NOT A SPY, BUT TELL ME ABOUT THE WEAPONS! YOU HAVE NONE?
NO; NOT SINCE THE GREAT WAR. THAT WAS CENTURIES AGO. THE OLD WORLD COLLAPSED WE ARE THE NEW ORDER!
AND THE SURVIVORS, SUCH AS YOU, SET UP YOUR OWN SMALL KINGDOMS!
YES. BUT SOMEDAY WHEN MY ROAD IS BUILT, I WILL BRING THE KINGDOMS TOGETHER AND REBUILD THE WORLD!
BUT THOSE MEN WORKING OUT THERE... YOU HAVE MADE THEM SLAVES. THAT IS WRONG!
HOLD HIM, GUARDS! HE SPEAKS TREASON! HE IS ANOTHER TROUBLE MAKER!
DR. WHO IS DRAGGED DOWN STONE STEPS...
TO THE DUNGEONS. YOU WILL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
DON'T WORRY... YOU WILL BE IN GOOD COMPANY WITH THE OTHER REBEL!
AHH!

Can Dr. Who escape ? See next week.

POPEYE
HIRING THIS SANDY CLAWS COSTUME TO WEAR AT OLIVE'S PARTY'LL ADD A TOUCH OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT TO THE FESTIVITIES! ARF! ARF!
SHUCKS. A GUG-GOSK!
O WOE, WOE, WOE!
I AIN'T WOEIN'! I'M GOIN'. 'SCUSE ME OR I'LL BE LATE FOR THE PARTY!
NOBODY EVER INVITES ME TO A PARTY! THEY NEVER STOP LONG ENOUGH TO WISH ME A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
WHAT D'YER EXPECT WHEN YOU GO AROUND MOANIN' AN' GROANIN'! THIS IS THE TIME OF GOOD CHEER!
YOU'D MOAN AND GROAN TOO IF YOU WERE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD LIKE US CHRISTMAS SPIRITS!
TELL YAH WHAT, IF YOU PROMISES NOT TO MOAN OR GROAN YOU CAN COME TO OLIVE'S PARTY WITH ME!
I PROMISE!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS! MIND IF I BRING A FRIEND OF MINE IN OLIVE?
SURE, POPEYE! DOES HE KNOW ANY SPOOKY GHOST STORIES?
ARF! ARF! I RECKON HE OUGHT TO! HE IS ONE!
HELP!
OOO!
ARGH!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? COME ON BACK ALL OF YOU!
NOT UNTIL THAT GHOST'S GONE!
FAREWELL, FRIEND! I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED!
DON'T YOU GO DISAPPEARIN' TOO! I HAS AN IDEA!
I HOPE THEY WILL NOT SEE THROUGH YOUR IDEA TO DRESS ME UP AS SANTA!
NOT A GOSK OF A CHANCE! ARF! ARF!
THE GOSK HAS GONE! IT'S PRESENT TIME! SANDY CLAWS IS HERE!
THANK YOU, SANTA. NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING A GREAT BIG KISS!
THAT'S THE SPIRICK! MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY!

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See the New Year in with Popeye and his pals.